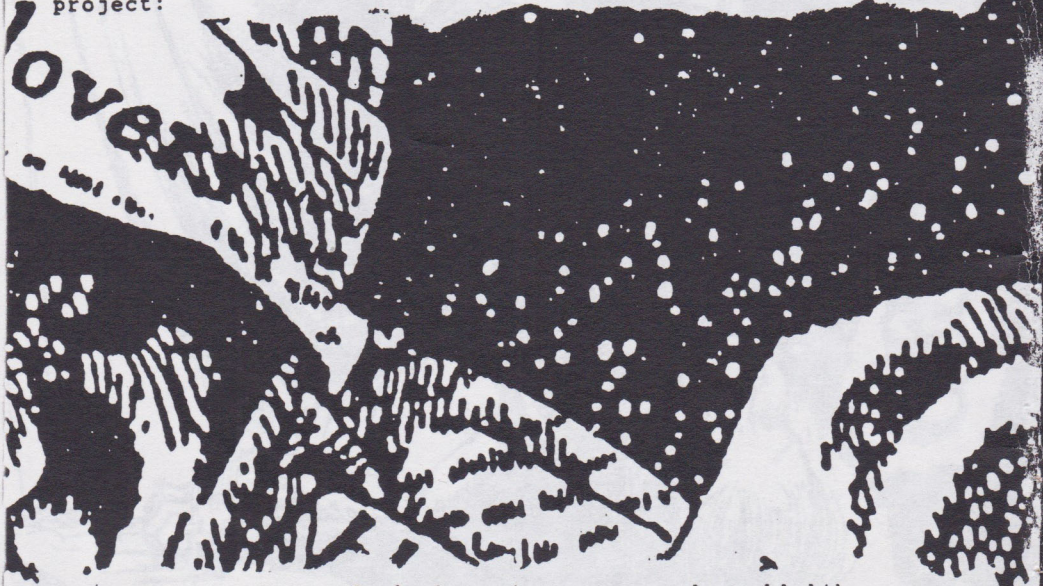
CAN'T FORGIVE 2

CAN'T FORGIVE

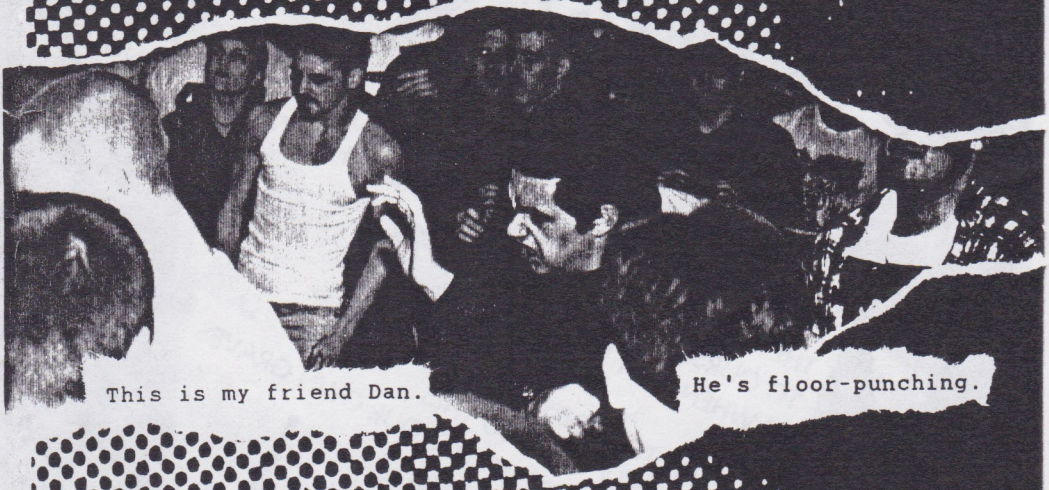
Issue number two. Still free. Big deal. There's a lot of stuff in here that you probably won't care about. That's ok because I'm not asking you to. The object and point to this project is still completely unknown to me. Many of you think you know me and know what I'm about so if you can think of some kind of point for this, let me know. I'd certainly be interested in what you have to say. Well, not really but I'll still write you back. If for some strange reason something in here doesn't sit well with you, then chances are that you're either pretty stupid or have no sense of humor but even still you are more than welcome to write me. Complaining and cursing me to your friends just doesn't cut the falafel anymore. If it really does bug you then say it to me, you wimp. Tell me what bothers you so that I can write you back and attempt to further offend or humiliate you. My address is on the back. Oh here's a list of all the people I'd like to thank for their help with this project:



Yeah, ok. So if you don't have issue one and you'd like a copy, that sucks. I don't have anymore. Actually, if you ask in an extremely rude and intolerant manner (and enclose a stamp) I could probably dig one out of the trash for you. Jeez I'm a swell guy, send me presents.

I got three zines in the mail this morning so I've been reading the propaganda all this afternoon. The names of the zines are irrelevant. I love getting zines...even better than records, most of the time. Anyway, I just want to address something. Listen up kiddies, you're taking yourselves too seriously. I'm not asking you to believe me but you're going to burn yourselves out. I can promise you that. You keep telling everyone that hardcore or straight edge or punk rock or whatever is suppose to be about...(insert your fight here). Well, it isn't. It's whatever the hell you want it to be. It's never going to be the same either. I can't even count the different ways that I've felt about this hardcore thing over the years. It always means something different. Not less, not more, just different. Do yourself a favor and enjoy it while it's here...you have the rest of your lives to be miserable.

"Would you like fries with them gams?" - Tim & Tony (in regards to my feet)



This is my friend Dan.

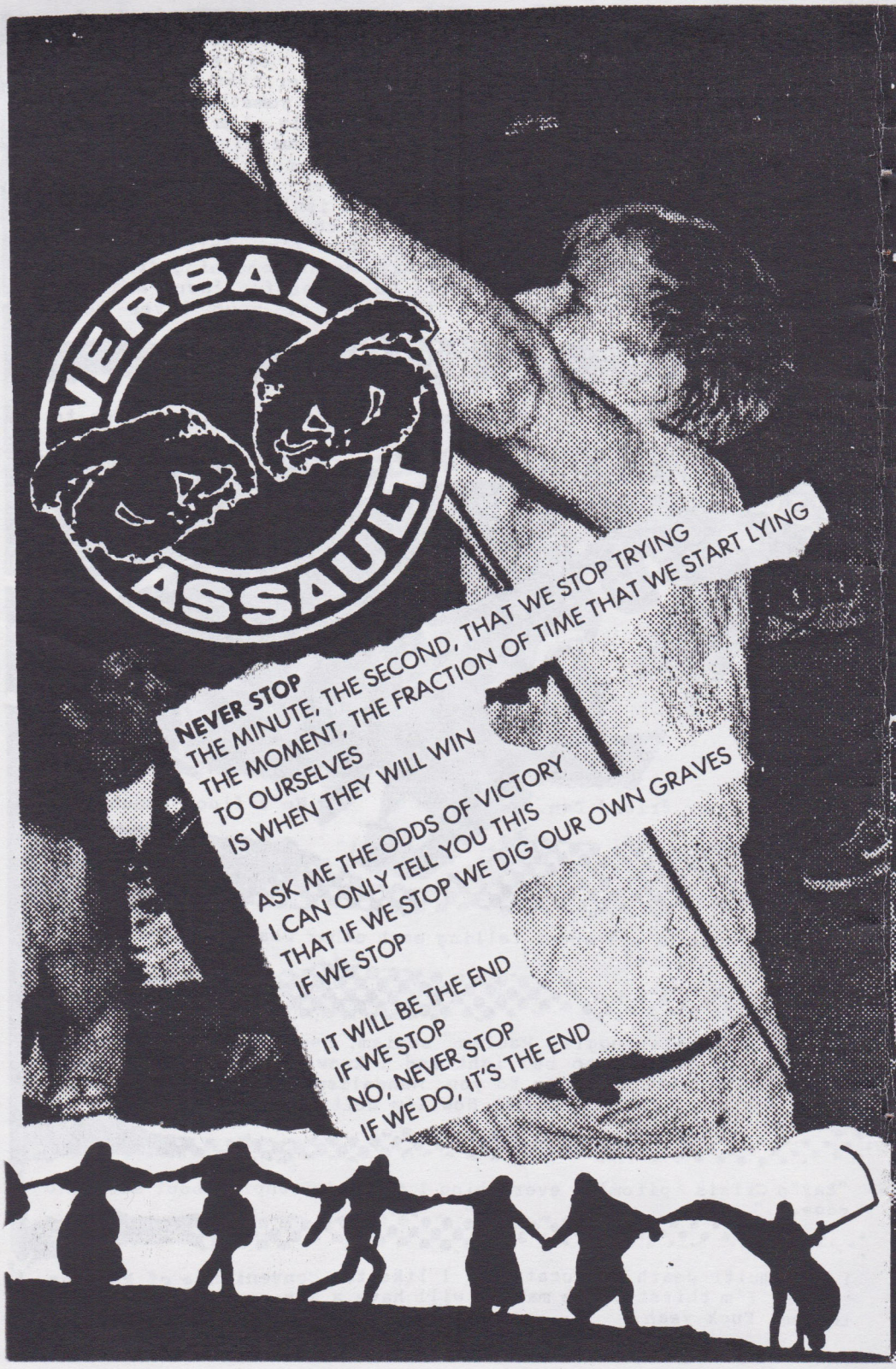
He's floor-punching.

Straight edge is all about telling each other what straight edge is all about...right?

This is not my struggle. Racism, sexism, specie-ism, etc.isms. I know what I believe to be right and I know what I believe to be wrong. It shouldn't matter to you. Mandelism. That's what it's all about for me. Self(ish) Edge. Now I'm getting somewhere...

"Earth Crisis epitomize everything I think is stupid about straight edge..."

I like multi-death corporations. I like the convenience of knowing that if I'm thirsty, the market will have a six-pack of Coke ready for me. Fuck yeah.


VERBAL
ASSAULT
NEVER STOP
THE MINUTE, THE SECOND, THAT WE STOP TRYING
THE MOMENT, THE FRACTION OF TIME THAT WE START LYING
TO OURSELVES
IS WHEN THEY WILL WIN
ASK ME THE ODDS OF VICTORY
I CAN ONLY TELL YOU THIS
THAT IF WE STOP WE DIG OUR OWN GRAVES
IF WE STOP
IT WILL BE THE END
IF WE STOP
NO, NEVER STOP
IF WE DO, IT'S THE END

East coast tours are not meant to be done in the winter season. Snow fucking sucks and so does our van.

We've been driving two straight days and my ears are still ringing from the over-use of my walkman. I listened to every single Ramones song through Arizona and New Mexico. I can't believe we're still a full day away from some type of rest. The drive, honestly isn't all that bad. The bumps from the road are really starting to take their toll on my ass though. My body is getting numb from the cold and I can't seem to shake Beat on the Brat from my frozen skull. I just need to sleep...

The coldness won't leave my toes. I should have bought a new pair of shoes for this tour. My tattered, old vans are just not cutting the job. God damn what I wouldn't do for a little heat right about now.

I've been tossing around the idea of doing a band. Since I don't have any musical talent it looks like I'll be singing. A microphone in my hand...now that's a scary thought. Why do I have the feeling that many a person will be offended? I can't wait.

My friend Ben said he'd call me after he got off work. It's almost been two weeks?! Must be a long shift.

Some people still just don't get it. Circle pits are outdated. Move on...please.

I saw a Jerry Lewis movie today. Is there anyone out there that ever thought he was funny? Gosh, I hope not.

Skeletons in the closet. They'll never go away. Never.

I told a friend about my idea to get off my ass and do a band. He asked, "Is it going to be a positive band?" ..."Hardly...", I answered.

Do what you want. Don't let anyone tell you how to live or tell you how to think. Do everything for yourself. Be selfish, it's ok. It's ok to look out for number one. It's ok to be concerned with your own happiness. Really, it is.

This may in fact be the first actual day since I've been home from tour that I haven't eaten at In-n-Out. I've been home for like two weeks too. The food there is probably killing me anyway. I still can't believe Daniel ate 5 grilled cheeses in a row...now that's a stomach.

Some people are too stupid to even argue with. I'll save myself the headache and not even say a word.

Fuck, I hate people. I was coming out of the Mailbox Etc. today and I had a short run in with a tough guy. Not only was he a tough guy but he was a tough guy with a girlfriend. What do they see in these schmendricks? Anyway, I'm coming out the door and I pass by the two on the way to my car. I glance in their direction and Mr. Sensitive responds with a "What are you looking at faggot!" I stand there in confusion for a couple seconds, "What?" "I said, what are you looking at faggot!" Still a tad confused I wittily reply, "Umm...an asshole and his girlfriend." Dave=Moron. The smirk on my face said enough. "What!!" He gets up from his comfortable seat on the hood of his Miata and walks toward me in a hurried manor. "Uh oh," was about the extent of my thought process by then. He gets up in my face and orders me to repeat myself. I say nothing, just standing there smiling knowing that if I say a word I'll be in for quite an ass-kicking. "Say it to my face, you fucking pussy." Once again I deny his request and stand there silent as a mouse wondering how I ever got into this. Right about this time the security guard notices that he may have a situation on his hands so he runs over and separates us. "If I ever see you again you better run punk." (At least he got the punk part right). I nod and try to dismiss him. He gets in his car, girlfriend tightly holding his arm, and gives me the middle finger. "A college graduate no doubt," I think to myself. They leave the parking lot laughing at me. I tell myself that it doesn't bother me but I know it does. I felt like such an ass. Those two don't even realize how stupid the are. And she was so proud of her man too. Proud. Proud?! Pathetic...just goddamn pathetic. This was one of those times where I wish I was big so I could have just beaten the pulp out of him. Oh well, maybe next time.

Almost all the european kids that write me expect me to send them their stamps back. I can only count one incident in which someone from europe sent me my stamps back. Damn foreigners...

Spoon and fork...it's not just cutlery anymore.

I just finished listening to the Mike Judge LP. I didn't really mind it. That scares me...

I've really been in quite a good mood lately. I think it's because I've come to the realization that I just don't care...about anything. It feels damn good too. All I want is to be happy. How can that be bad? Just try my damnedest to be happy and in the process to hurt as few people as possible. Whether you want to or not, something you do is going to end up hurting someone...just don't make a habit of it. Pretty easy philosophy, huh.

x I HATE ALMOST EVERYONE POS x

JERRY'S KIDS
I got a feeling
It's in my head
I got a feeling
Do you hear what I said?
I GOT A FEELING THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG
I GOT A FEELING THAT I...
I DON'T BELONG HERE
I KNOW IT'S TRUE
I DON'T BELONG HERE
AND NEITHER DO YOU
I got a feeling
It's in my brain
I got a feeling
I've got nothing to gain
Co-Mags
I JUST CANT GET THROUGH TO YOU
DESPITE ALL THE NOWS I TRY CE ANY OF THE THINGS I DO
MAYBE ID BE BETTER OFF TALKIN TO A WALL
CAUSE YOU, YOU AINT MAKIN ANY SENSE AT ALL
DO WHAT YOU WANT
AND HOW YOU WANT IT
FEEL ITS RIGHT - GO OUT AND DO IT
THINK FOR YOURSELF AND THINK FOR THE BEST
OR YOU'LL GO DOWN JUST LIKE THE REST
ALL YOU HIPPIES BETTER START TO FACE REALITY
ALL YOUR FAR FETCHED DREAMS OF ANARCHY
BETTER START TO SEE THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE
CAUSE THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING THEY WONT BE GOIN FAR

I'm the flagship of my own movement. MandelxEdge. The rules are pretty simple...don't smoke, don't drink, don't fuck, don't care what anyone else is doing, don't listen to anyone, don't stop talking shit because of someone's feelings, don't refrain from making fun of people, don't...umm...I don't know. I'm already bored of it. Next trend please...

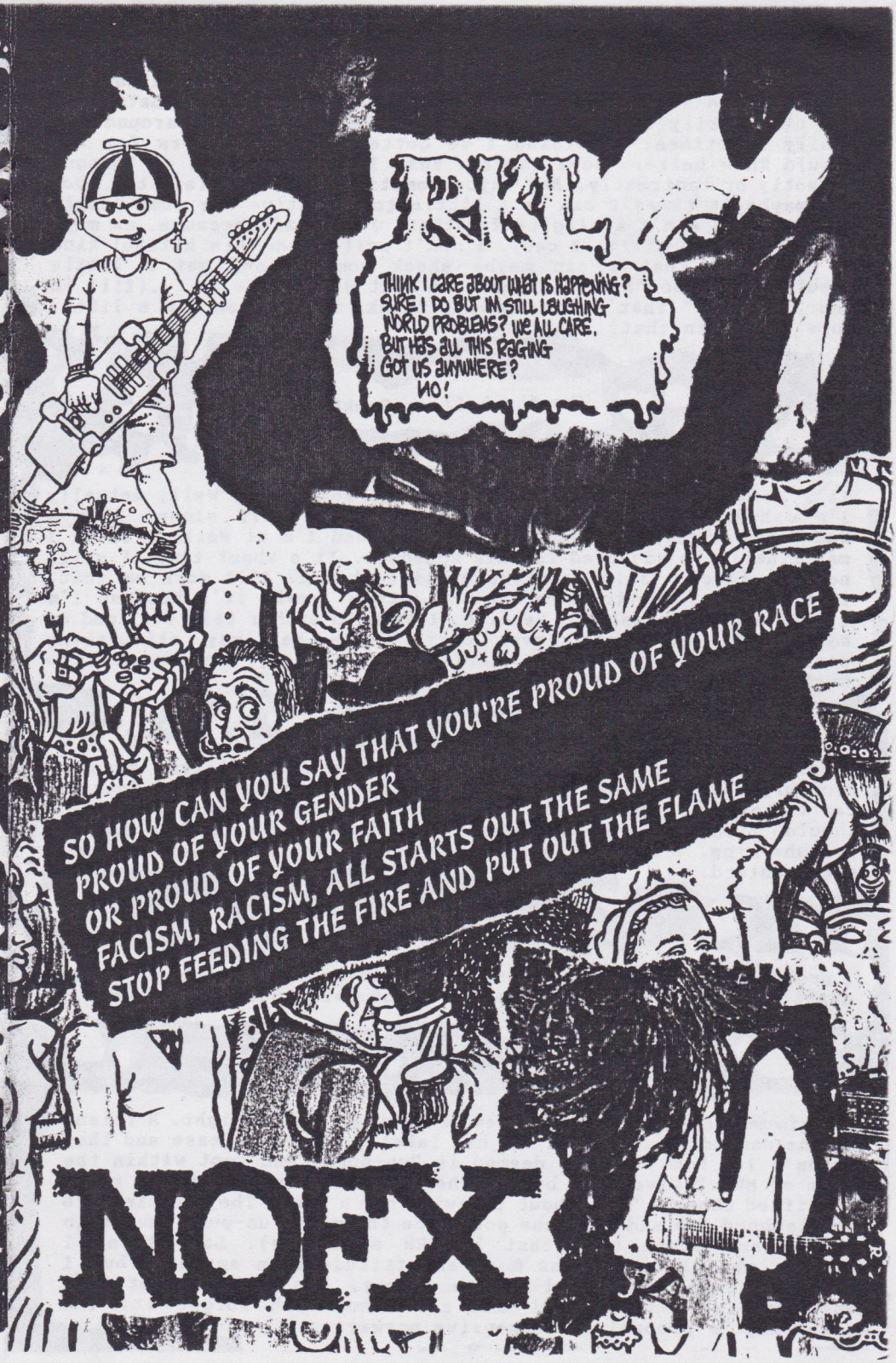
Alright already. If this is what it's going to take then kill me. Let me be the first casualty for your revolution. If all that's to remain on this planet is in any way similar to you, I'd rather be dead. Put me in your gas chambers and let me suffer for my crimes. It's your place to decipher who's worthy of life and who isn't. The unborn have the right to it and the sinners will be stripped of it. I won't question you and I won't doubt you. Your "combat" stance speaks of your seriousness and your slogans have mapped out your agenda. You know what your talking about and you know what it's like. You feel the pain inside. You've been there man, and you're angry. You're not going to take this sitting down anymore. You're going to borrow mom's car keys and go down the block and deal out a little street justice with the local hash dealers. You're going to make the difference. You're going to do.....nothing. So, shut up.

I'm the one who chose to open my mouth, rightfully I deserve to take the shit. Sometimes I wish I would have just kept it shut. Never said a word, never spoke my mind. It would have made things a whole hell of a lot easier.

OK, so I go to this show last night. One of the band's that played were one of the now popular "christian-core" type bands, not to slag them, because I am friends with them and do think that they are genuinely good people. I'm just really not into God. I never have been and I honestly don't think I ever will be. I'll always think that organized religions are a sham and I say that with out the least bit of hesitation. God is not awesome and if I, for some strange reason, do appear to be smiling it's certainly not because Jesus loves me. That I can assure you. At any rate, after the aforementioned band's set someone made me kind of laugh to myself. He was really tired and sweaty from singing along to a band that he could apparently relate to. He walked across the stage looking incredibly panicked though. He runs up to his friend and says, "I got hit in the face and I can't see...I'm blind." I realize that being blinded is not a laughing matter but to think that it took a kick in the face for him to say that is. Hell (if there is one!), I could have told him he was blind before any of the bands even played. Point taken?

I think I want to be a pro golfer. All I have to do is win one maybe two tournaments a year and I'm set. Now that's the life.

"You know, it's really a disturbing thought knowing that some crust punk out there is fucking my sheep." - Peter Hart 1/21/94


RKL
THINK I CARE ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING?
SURE I DO BUT IM STILL LAUGHING
WORLD PROBLEMS? WE ALL CARE.
BUT HAS ALL THIS RAGING
GOT US ANYWHERE?
NO!
SO HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT YOU'RE PROUD OF YOUR RACE
PROUD OF YOUR GENDER
OR PROUD OF YOUR FAITH
FACISM, RACISM, ALL STARTS OUT THE SAME
STOP FEEDING THE FIRE AND PUT OUT THE FLAME
NOFX

Sitting here by myself, suddenly I don't "hate the kids" as much. I've actually gotten the chance to meet a lot of genuinely sincere, good people this past year. I'm thankful for that. Me hating the kids, or the scene, or straight edge, or hardcore, or whatnot is not necessarily a bad thing. I throw the word "hate" around too easily sometimes. Something I've gotten down on others for and should know better. Oops, sorry. Yes, I do hate a lot of things, directly or indirectly. And maybe sometimes I do complain too much and maybe at times I can be a little too negative for some people to handle. I can't apologize for that. I complain because, as much as I hate to admit it, I care. I don't write down this hateful kind of stuff so that I can maybe shock someone and get a little popularity. I don't care to be "The Most Hated Zine in ...(fill in your state).." That's for show. I think, no, I know I'm a little more real than that.

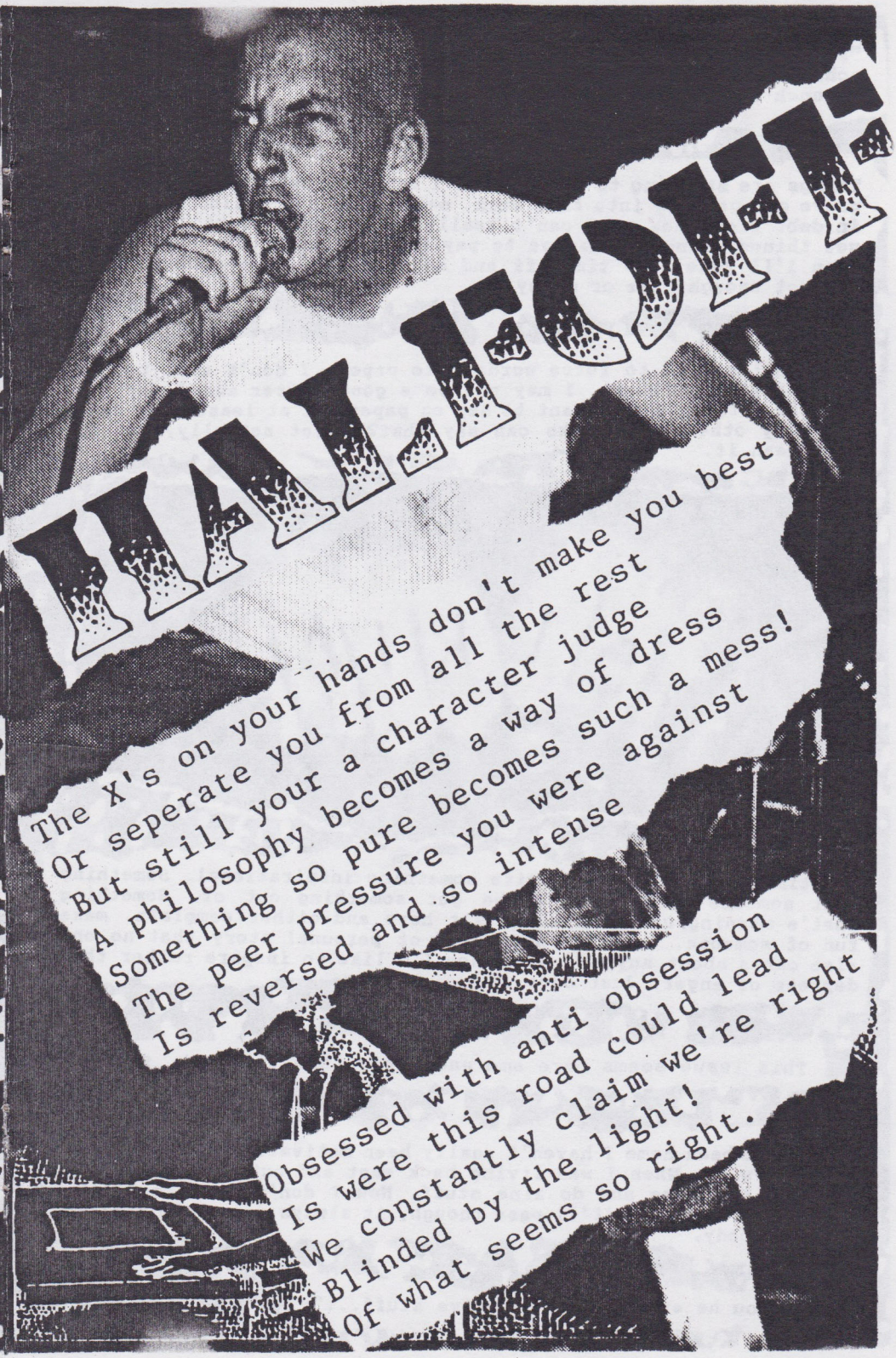
Who the hell is Beck?

It's about 4:15am. I'm not tired in the least bit. Well, actually I'm exhausted but I'm not tired enough to fall sleep. It's a Wednesday night, morning I should say, and I'm at work. I think I may finally be adjusted to this schedule. It's about time. I still need to force myself to sleep earlier though. I'll work on that. I've been talking to myself a lot lately. Maybe it's because I'm always alone. Unless I'm reading, I seem to either talk out loud to myself or, at times, even carry on a half-way stimulating conversation. I think I'm starting to enjoy my own company too much. This could be a problem.

I never cease to amaze me. I'm constantly contradicting myself. Probably several times in this zine alone as a matter of fact. I can't help it. Sometimes I talk without thinking. I know I shouldn't but there are times when the impulse to offend is just to overwhelming. I kind of get a kick out of annoying people. I'm a sick bastard.

I promised myself that I'd mention G.O.40 in here somewhere. I just don't know where. Umm...how about right here? Good. I'm done.

So Maximum RocknRoll has this new reviewing policy, right. A friend of mine wanted to run an ad for his label's latest release and they wouldn't let him. Tim Yo. deemed it "un-punk" and "not within the realm of MRR." Give me a break. They told him that he could run a classified though. Talk about throwing him a bone. They continue to run Dischord ads and that has got to be the most "un-punk" music in our blessed scene (at least by MRR standards). Last thing I remember was that punk was more an attitude than anything but I could be wrong. How would I know anyway, I'm probably not even punk. Maybe I should call and ask? Hmmm...ah forget it. The membership is probably to expensive anyway...


HALFOFF
The X's on your hands don't make you best
Or seperate you from all the rest
But still your a character judge
A philosophy becomes a way of dress
Something so pure becomes such a mess!
The peer pressure you were against
Is reversed and so intense
Obsessed with anti obsession
Is were this road could lead
We constantly claim we're right
Blinded by the light!
Of what seems so right.

"You're the kind of kids who use to make fun of the fat kid in school and now you're wearing his pants for christ's sake...you're a bunch of morons." - Paul Bearer

Things are starting to get boring. I can feel myself digging my own grave and getting into that work, eat, sleep rut again. I'm really in debt right now so I can't really do anything about it. Once I get things going and manage to pay for all the stuff I want to do then I'll take some time off and enjoy myself. Too much stuff to do, not enough time or money.

It's really hard to force words onto paper. I don't want to ever write anything forced. I may not be a good writer and I may have trouble getting what I want to say on paper but at least it's real. How many other zine geeks can say that? A lot actually, but few will mean it.

Sometimes I wish I could write something inspirational. Something that someone else could maybe get something out of. Something that's meaningful. Instead, I sit here and either complain, make fun of someone, or write some kind of personal story that no one else cares about anyway. Just once I'd like to inspire rather than depress or anger. Just once...

This issue seems more emo and sappy than the last. Sissy.

Since I've been home I haven't really been motivated to do anything hardcore-wise. When I was living back east and out on tour, I was eager to get home and do zine stuff. Now I don't even feel like doing a zine at all. It'll pass though, it always does. I'm just to fucking moody.

"I bet you he even dreams negative stuff..."

Wed. Aug 11, 1993

I didn't have to work today, thank god. I haven't gotten much sleep the last couple of weeks with Undertow and now Endpoint out here. I slept till noon, felt damn good. I bummed around most of the day, did my mail, folded some zines, etc. Usual zine geek work. A group of us went to Oddballs tonight (local strip joint place). I had been promising Tony for about a year and half now that when he turned 18 that I'd take him. Needless to say I really don't like going. I've been there twice before for friends birthdays and the novelty has definitely worn thin. The first time was kind of fun simply because none of us could believe we were there, such a "grown up" place and all. Too bad the majority of the patrons don't act as I thought "grown ups" were suppose to. Howling and cat calling...just the thought makes me pretty ill. Anyway...we get to the place, go in, and get seated. $4.75 a drink!! I order a Coke and the waitress forgets to take my money, I lucked out this time. I sat down at the stage and watched a few girls dance. It really made me feel weird when the girls would dance near me. I felt like some kind of pervert. I get up, go to the restroom, and admire the "cock ring" machines the have on the wall above the urinals. Interesting. I head back out into the room and spot Peter DeLuise sitting at one of the tables. He looked pretty beat, like he hasn't gotten a job since 21 Jump Street. I said nothing to him. I walked over to the girl that Tony had been gawking over all night and gave her $20 (had to dig pretty deep for that) for a table dance. I told her that I didn't want one but my friend Tony did. I pointed him out and she did the rest. She walked over to him and asked him politely if he'd be interested in a table dance. Oh boy was he blushing. He turned her down and said he had no money. "Your friend already paid for it," she said looking in my direction. He looked at me in disbelief. "Isn't this what you wanted?" I asked. He smiled and followed her to the dance area. She talked to him for awhile then stripped nude and danced for him. He didn't move...or blink for that matter. I honestly don't think I could have done it. Peter DeLuise even offered to buy Tony another dance but the girl said that she wanted to strip for him (Peter DeLuise that is) so Tony got up and walked back to our table, still a bit blushed as well as erect. After hearing Tony's tales of what he had seen, the rest of the gang started scrounging for money to get dances of their own. I put my head down and tried for a little sleep. It was late, I was tired and wanted to go home. Eventually, everyone else was ready to go to so we left. I scared Todd the whole way home by telling him that I was beating off in the back seat. He was freaking out about it pretty bad. Regardless, I didn't beat off nor was in the mood to. I got dropped off at home around two or so. It was late so I tried not to make much noise. I took a pee, got undressed, set my alarm clock, and turned the lights out so that me and Blackie could get some sleep. It's about time.

Thurs. Aug. 12, 1993

Me and Peter went shopping at Porn shops all night. We were trying to find the best price on a blow-up sheep so that we could send one to Mark-Undertow. We knew he'd be into it. Did you know that blow-up pigs are a good $5.00 more expensive than sheep, weird huh? There's some pretty cool shit you can find in these stores. All the bondage equipment you'll ever need, tons of magazines and videos, odd types of oils and lubricants, frighteningly realistic vaginas, as well as a plentiful selection of rubber dicks and oro-simulation devices. Definitely a place that you can get gift certificates for the whole family around Christmas time. It started getting late so we decided to head home and try again another night.

Sat. Aug. 14, 1993

I had to work today. I'm suppose to have Saturdays off, shit. Pete (my manager) offered me $1500 to eat dog shit. I said I'd gladly take him up on his offer. Then he offered an extra $1000 if I fucked the dog afterwards. I happily obliged that as well. He's now trying to rally all the employees to put in money so that I'll do it. I'm not worried, I know there's no way they're going to get the money. Even if they do...all I've got to say is, "Bring forth the dog."

Mon. Aug. 16, 1993

Worked all day. Not much out of the ordinary. The Mafia is cool, so is Heidi Fleiss (both in their own unique ways). I thought Friday the 13th was suppose to go up to number 13. Jason goes to Hell has got to be about number 9, that's lame. I've got to think of a way to become a millionaire, times running out.

Wed. Aug 25, 1993

Today was suppose to be my day off but lucky for me John got sick so I had to work for him. A morning shift so it wasn't that bad. I got home around 3:30 or so, took a shower, and ate. Peter came over around 7:00 so that we could hit up the porn shop to get Mark's sheep. Ben said he wanted to go but ended up flaking. We got to the porn shop, picked out a card, grabbed the sheep, and made our way to the cashier. Boy, it's hard not to feel like a loser when you're buying a blow-up sheep fuck doll. Once we were ready to pay, I noticed so was everyone else. They began to make a line behind us, everyone admiring our new boughten friend. Ugh.

It was still early when we left so we figured we'd make a night out of it. We went to the GCC to see what movies were playing and realized we had an hour and half to kill before we could see the next showing of anything. We decided to hit up Malibu Castle. We got on the freeway and made it there in about twenty minutes. We played video games for about an hour, got bored, and decided to come home. Right around the time we got back near the movie theaters, we noticed we'd be right on time for a movie. We strolled up to the box office, I gave them my free ticket (which I always get at work when we deliver ice there), Pete bought a ticket, and we went inside. I bought us sodas and popcorn while Pete mingled and chatted with the employees. We went in, saw the movie...it was alright I guess, came home, wrapped up Mark his present, and decided to call it a night. Pete went home and I went to sleep.

Aug. 26, 1993

Had to work till 9:00 tonight. It wasn't all that bad though. Since we close at 7:00, I got to work in my underwear for two full hours. At times, even naked. That's how a job should be done.

I took a shower once I got home and then went straight to Carl's to meet up with Andrew, Jake, Murray, and Ricky. We went to the Teen Center park and hung out for a little bit over there. We left once we heard the satan worshippers.

Jake, Andrew, and myself went for a midnight dip in the spa by Chad's house. It was most relaxing. We sat on the lawn chairs and tried to find pictures in the clouds for hours. We saw a shooting star too. I made my wish, shame that wishes don't come true.

Aug. 27, 1993

Drove around with Pete tonight. Then came home and watched Sixteen Candles. Incredible movie. Truly some of Anthony Michael Hall's best work.

Sept. 1, 1993

Woke up around noon, still pretty tired from staying up so late folding and stapling zines. I got dressed, took a shower, and ate. Tried to get out of the house as soon as possible because I was already running kind of late. I went to the bank, stopped at the mail box place to mail shit out, and began the voyage to Huntington. I got to the warehouse around two thirty. Beth and Jordan were working on something in the office, Dave was screening shirts, and Mike...well Mike was doing something. I sat around for awhile shooting the shit then decided to fold and stack the shirts Dave was screening. I think this is the first time I've been to Revelation and not swept...huh. We decided to leave around 7:00, I got a check for some zines, then we left to go eat. Jordan had some errands or something to run so me, Mike, and Dave went to the all-you-can-eat spaghetti feast. After that we stopped at Mother's so that we could get some non-dairy delight ice cream snacks. We hung out at Dave's for awhile. Played some golf on Sega, listened to the new Slapshot, read some funny zine, and sampled some bad CDs Dave has gotten in the mail. I took Mike back to the warehouse so that he could get his car, etc. Got home around 1:00. Gotta work early tomorrow, goodnight.

Sept. 8, 1993

Didn't do all that much today besides read a little and think a little less. I have bad news though. Turns out that the address me and Peter mailed Mark his sheep to is no good. Mark moved out before the summer tour so quite obviously he isn't living there anymore. I guess a whole bunch of Seattle punkers kids live there so at least someone will reap the benefits of our gift. Still sucks though.

Oct. 9, 1993

Tonight I experienced my first bachelor party. The evening went a bit different than what I was anticipating. I knew before hand that two strippers had been hired to work the party (ie: do lesbian love acts, etc. for all the thirty-something losers to watch) so their presence was no big surprise, yet.

Ben picked me up around 7:30. We went over to Sam's house and picked him up and then went to the Jim's Market parking lot. We were planning on meeting Steve and Chace there. Well, we hung around the lot for about ten minutes then Chace showed up. We waited another ten minutes or so and decided that Steve was flaking on us. So, Sam rode with Chace, I went with Ben and we were off to the party.

It took us about twenty minutes to get to Jon's brother's house. We didn't really know anyone other than Jon, so it was a little awkward. We unloaded the keg out of Ben's truck and took it inside. We sat around and watched hockey (the Kings won by the way) and waited for everyone else to arrive. Dave Hallas showed up so we made fun of him, at least he was a familar face. All of Jon's friends are pretty fuckin' lame. Pete, Kevin, Larry, Steve, and one of Steve's friends showed up not long after Dave. Thank goodness, at least we'll know a few people here. We just sat around, drank beer (or at least they did), watched hockey, and waited for the strippers. Ugh, I felt like such a neanderthal just for being there. I mean what more could they have done to instill their manhood? Oh well. The strippers arrived one at a time around 10:00.

(HEY STUPID! FLIP THE PAGE...)

(CONTINUED FROM LAST PAGE. REMEMBER?...YOU FLIPPED THE PAGE..DUH)

The strippers did several "acts" for about a good hour and a half. They made $485 plus tips (which had to be close to another $500) for an hour and a half's worth of work. Right on! Anyway, Jon being the soon-to-be-ex-bachler took most of the abuse (if you can call it that). Stripper number one came out, stripped Jon naked and whipped him. I did think that was pretty funny. She did that for a few minutes. Then stripper number two comes out and removes several dollar bills off of Jon's body with her...well, you know. She would take her boobs and rub them in his face until he could take no more. Then she went around and did it to a few of the guys watching. This is where the night began to turn interesting. Number two is sitting on a guy's lap, two people down from me. Jon looks at me, handcuffed, gagged, and naked and yells, "Do it to him!" It was at that moment that I came awfully close to shitting in my pants. She walks over and stands in front of me. Now feeling really stupid, I shook my head and said "no". She didn't move, she stood there and looked at me. Jon was going into seizures about the whole thing. "It's my bachelor party, you can't insult me!" Shit, I figured I'd get her boobs rubbed in my face and that would be it. Painless, right? Wrong! She grabs my hand and pulls me to the center of the of room. Embarrassment is not nearly a powerful enough word to describe what I was feeling. She takes my shirt off of me and throws it on the floor, I was hoping that was the end but it wasn't. She undid my pants and pulled them, as well as my underwear, to my ankles. Shock kept me from even breathing. I could feel my dick wanting to crawl back up inside of my body. She had me lay down on the floor. I looked behind me to see Ben and Sam and it seemed like my looks of distress only made them laugh more. Granted, if it was happening to one of them I probably would have laughed too. I tried to scoot closer to them but my plan was ruined when I was grabbed my underwear (which were still at my ankles) and literally dragged across the floor by them. (Being naked and dragged across the floor by my underwear, courtesy of a stripper, is definitely something I won't bother telling my mom anytime soon.) Anyway, she sat down on top of me and I could feel the sweat between her legs on my stomach. Yuck. She grabbed my hands and rubbed her boobs with them as she dry humped my stomach. Yeah, this was definitely a Kodak moment. I tried to keep a smile on my face to cover the fear and anxiety but that only caused someone to stuff dollar bills in my mouth. She bent down over me and beat my head in with her boobs until the money fell out of my mouth. Well, until I spit it out, which didn't take long. After that she stood up, I pulled my pants up, and returned to my seat at the very corner of the couch. That ended what I thought to be the last of my experiences for the evening.

Ben, Chace, and Steve all got similar experiences but none even compared to mine. Kevin kinda got into it though. He did a few things I know I would never do. Well, the big finally was coming up. The two girls got down on the floor and fucked each other with strap ons until one of them reached orgasm. One of them took the strap on and was going to attempt to give Jon a backdoor surprise but even in his drunken state Jon was just not game. They went into the other room, got dressed, passed out their business cards, and left. Me, Sam, and Ben waited around to say bye to Jon and then we left as well. Got home at 12:30. Quite an evening. I almost wish it never happened. At least, I'll have something to tell my grand kids...yeah.

Oct. 18, 1993

Woke up today around 7:00. Took a shower got dressed and left for the airport. I'm leaving for New Jersey today. The plane was delayed an hour so I had quite a bit of time to kill. I went with my dad to his office where I slept for about two hours. Good too, because I was pretty tired. Around noon we made our way to the plane. I was literally the first person seated. My dad felt it was his fatherly duty to embarrass me so he had practically every flight attendant (they want to be liberated from that "stewardess" label...go figure) come over and say "hi". Ugh.

The plane took off at 1:00. The pilot announced that it was going to be a 4½ hour flight to Kennedy. A lot quicker than I expected. I was going to get there a good hour early. The in-flight movie was "A Few Good Men". A Demi Moore movie, it had to be a sign.

Once we landed, we were stream-lined into a hallway where someone was going to lead us out. There were only about 25-30 people because the majority of the passengers were continuing on to Tel-Aviv, we were getting off at the half-way stop. They walked us out and dropped us at the front offices. Perfect. This is right where I am suppose to be...only, I'm now an hour early. I decided to walk to the main terminal and find food. On the way, I heard a yell from a car. I t turned out to be Tim. They were an hour early too, what luck.

"Going to shows and hanging out with people is cool but I'd rather hang out with people at some girl's house and wreck it." - Dave Rosenberg 10/21/93

Oct. 22, 1993

I went to D.C. today. It was a fun day. Me, Tim, and Traci drove up there early so that we could hang around in Georgetown for a little a bit. Went to Vinyl Ink, Smash, etc. By chance, we met up with Brian McTernan, Elena, and a couple of the kids from Split Lip. Brian ended up leaving with us so that he could guide us to wherever this show was tonight.

The Beta-Punk warehouse is a pretty cool place. Everyone was saying that it was in a pretty shitty neighborhood but I didn't think it was that bad. No worse than the Jabberjaw, at least I don't think it was. It was cool to hang out with people I haven't seen in awhile...Daisy, Tall Cheese, Taylor, Mike D.C., Lenny, Yemin, Daly, etc. Not to mention, Outspoken plus Tina and Dave Sine were there too.

This was Worlds Collide's last show and it went pretty badly. Their set was interrupted with a mace fight that cleared the place, then everyone came back in, W.C. played a few more songs, and still there were fights or what not happening. We left a little early because we still had to drive home to New Jersey and then to Boston in the morning, so we needed to get some sleep. I didn't mind leaving early but I would have at least liked to give my regards to Matt and Ken, oh well.

"Ok Scratch, you're gonna have a once-in-lifetime party. You can invite 5 people, live or dead, to come. Who would they be?"

"Well...I guess they'd all be hookers."

Oct. 26, 1993

We got the chance to hear the neighbors have sex today. Most interesting. "I read about it in Hustler...Oh, my hiney hurts!" Anal sex is rad...ha, ha, ha.

Oct. 31, 1993

We had a big breakfast this morning because we stole Crud's eggs from the show last night. Mischief night...long story. It's Halloween and we didn't really do anything. Ate at T.G.I. Fridays and watched Amityville Horror. Scratch also did a bit of amateur modeling for us as well. Scary in more ways than one.

Nov. 2, 1993

Went and saw "Nightmare Before Christmas" tonight. I had absolutely no idea that the movie was a musical. I was just not in the mood for it I guess because I fell asleep twenty minutes into it. Oh well.

Nov. 11, 1993

I finally got the chance to talk to Andrew today, it was good to hear his voice. I miss him. He told me about all the problems going on at home and I'm just glad I'm not there so that I don't have to pick a side. Sounds like everyone is just being stupid again. It never fails. Peter told me that Andrew was getting bummed that I hadn't called him yet, that made me feel good. Not that Andrew was bummed but that he wanted me to call. He's one of the few friends I've ever had that went out of his way to include me in things even though he knew I'd probably hate it. There's not many people who can deal with my pessimism but at least he's tried. I love him.

Nov. 14, 1993

Me and Tim took the train into New York today. Tim insisted that he knew where he was going so we ended up getting lost once we got to the city. We walked around for a couple hours then went to the show. CBGB's isn't as big as I thought it would be. After the show me, Tony, Geoff, Mat, and Tim went to Jon Hiltz's house. We got there kind of late so we basically missed every band. I just sat out on the porch talking with Mat and Brett, which proved to be a lot more enjoyable than watching any of the bands could have ever been.

M.D.C.

Nationalism in school
Perpetrating their rule
Lying textbooks rant
Their patriotic slant
"Your country's great"
Cry the church and state
"All that've died
Were on God's side"

President and pope
Your pride and hope
Families build
Christian ethic instilled
The biblical truth?
Faith not proof!
Yeild a sword
Walk with the lord
be a man
Protect your land
Hear your call
Martyrs all

Your life's lost
Nailed to a cross
Dead on foreign soil
For you God
(And their oil)

Nov. 19, 1993

Reconstruction had a little benefit-type show tonight. They're going to shut down for good pretty soon so this was, in a way, their last show. We got there late and barely caught the second half of Ressurection's set. After the show, we went over to this scummy little diner that had the worst service. We didn't even get our food. Justine taught me the differences between the sounds that chocolate milks and chocolate shakes make when you tap the glass with a spoon. Something I would have never even thought of but doubt I'll forget.

Taking the train back to N.J. seemed to have a lot more problems than usual. First we got on the wrong train, then we got on one that was "out-of-service", luck was not on our side tonight. Zusi was not in a good mood. I can't blame him. We finally got home and me and Tony ended up sleeping at Geoff's. We watched an episode of the Simpsons and I fell asleep halfway through Spinal Tap.

Nov. 22, 1993

I watched the Breakfast Club and Valley Girl. I ate lots of ice cream too...that's it.

Dec. 5, 1993

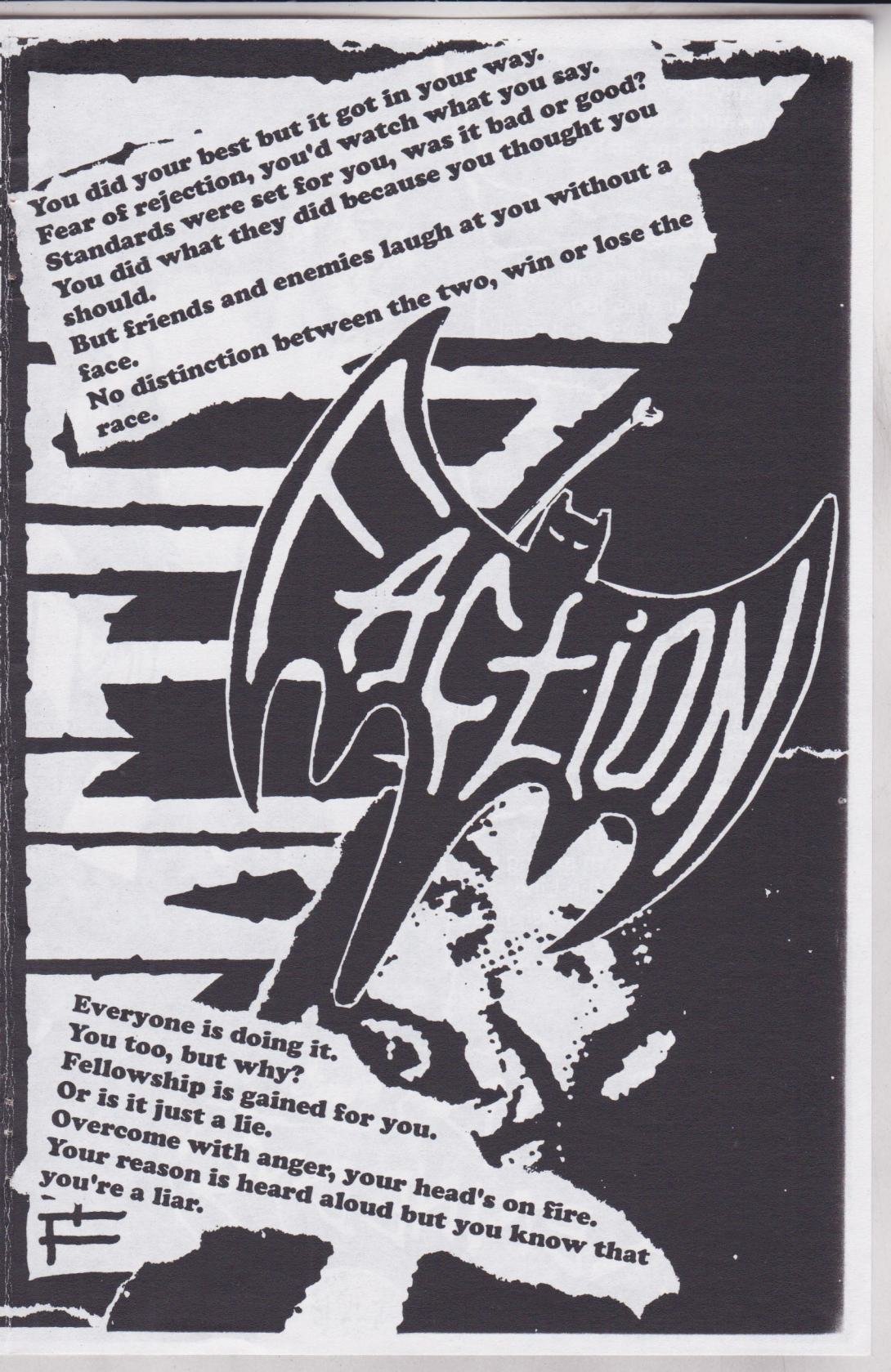
Went to a show tonight. Nothing there left any impression on me, I barely even remember it now. A distinctive trait that I've been feeling about most shows lately. Oh well. On the way back to Trenton, me and Chris stopped at someone's house and, more or less, dug through their trash. Chris wanted the handles to some drawers or something. Anyway, we took those as well as a stuffed tiger that was literally bigger than me. When we got back to the house, we pulled out the tiger and introduced it to Caesar (the house mutt). In front of a room full of people, Cease violated the tiger in several different ways, ejaculating twice. What is it with me and sex shows? I must attract them or something, I'm like a magnet. Oh man, now I've just seen it all...

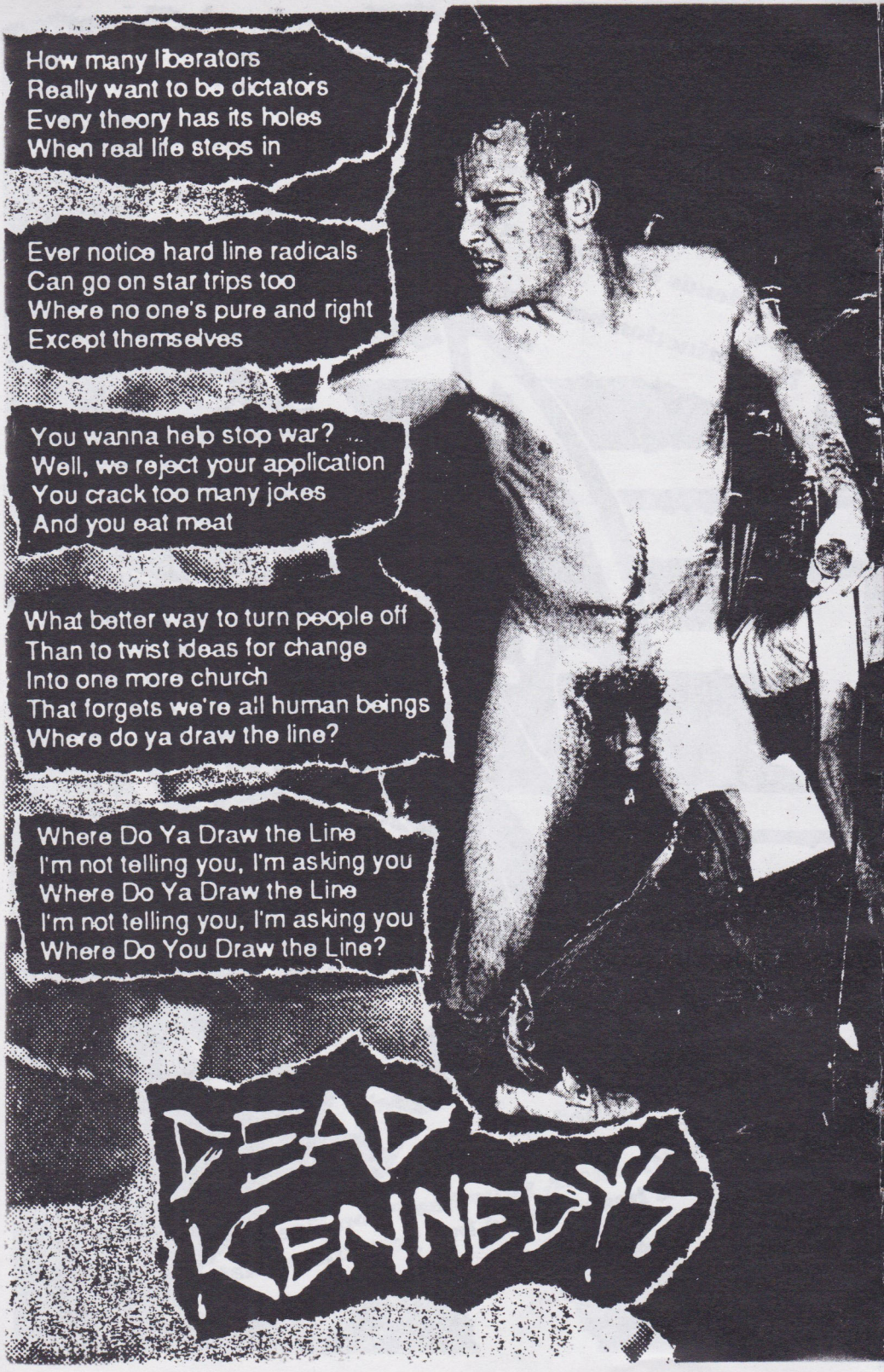
Dec. 26, 1993

Yesterday was X-mas. What a merry holiday...ugh. My mom and sister are visiting the grandparents and my dad is just kinda hanging out. Every year X-mas gets more and more non-existent. It doesn't bother me in the least because I honestly don't like holidays. I don't even like birthdays. I know, I know, what a party-pooper. I just barely got home to Cali and I'm already leaving again tonight. The Victory Record's Tour. It's only gonna be three weeks long, so it's not as though I'll be gone all that long. I don't really care about the bands or the shows, I just want to get the chance to see and hang out with everyone again. That's what's important to me anyway.

Dec. 31, 1993

We're somewhere in Massachusetts. I don't really know where. The drive cross country wasn't bad at all, it was actually pretty fun. I've decided not to keep any tour journal, Andrew is doing one and I don't really feel like writing anymore anyhow. Looking back at this past year, things don't really seem like they went half bad. But I guess in retrospect everything and anything can look that way. I can't say I have any real complaints at the moment, so with that I'll end this quick...before I think of something.


You did your best but it got in your way.
Fear of rejection, you'd watch what you say.
Standards were set for you, was it bad or good?
You did what they did because you thought you should.
But friends and enemies laugh at you without a face.
No distinction between the two, win or lose the race.
Everyone is doing it.
You too, but why?
Fellowship is gained for you.
Or is it just a lie.
Overcome with anger, your head's on fire.
Your reason is heard aloud but you know that you're a liar.


How many liberators
Really want to be dictators
Every theory has its holes
When real life steps in
Ever notice hard line radicals
Can go on star trips too
Where no one's pure and right
Except themselves
You wanna help stop war? ...
Well, we reject your application
You crack too many jokes
And you eat meat
What better way to turn people off
Than to twist ideas for change
Into one more church
That forgets we're all human beings
Where do ya draw the line?
Where Do Ya Draw the Line
I'm not telling you, I'm asking you
Where Do Ya Draw the Line
I'm not telling you, I'm asking you
Where Do You Draw the Line?
DEAD KENNEDYS

I just can't deal with people right now. All I want is to be left alone...given a little space. I'm not really sure why this feeling has come over me. I can hear people quietly walking behind me. They must think I'm asleep. I guess the fact that I'm laying on top of my sleeping bag in the dark kind of gives off that impression. Yeah, I guess. "Are you sleeping?" I turn my head and I can tell that it's Andrew's silhouette in the doorway. "No." He's now moved to the chair that I'm laying next to. "Are you ok?" "Yeah, I'm just a little tired," I reply just to make things simple so I won't have to explain. "I can't wait to go home," he remarks. "You miss home already?" "Yeah, don't you?" he asks. "Yeah, I guess so," I lie. "Well, I'll let you get back to sleep," he utters as he leaves the room...damn I feel empty now. I don't even miss home. There's really nothing that I have to go back to. I really wish I had something to go back to, I really wish someone was at home missing me. Every rest stop we've hit this tour has been plagued with phone calls home. I really don't have any reasons to pick a phone up. I have no one to call, no one to send post cards to, no one to miss. I don't even want to go home anymore but I have no where else to go. I feel lost. Knowing that I'm alone is making me panic. I'm to restless to sleep and to down to bother getting up. This house is filled with over twenty people right not and I can honestly say I've never felt this fucking alone. Just keep my eyes closed. Don't let myself cry. Hopefully I can manage to fall asleep and start over tomorrow. Maybe it'll be a better day...

Some times the truth can be awesome. Most of the time it's just depressing and a let down. x Bummed Fucking Out Pos x

I need to start playing the lottery. Someone remind me.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, legalize hemp already. All these hemp activists are really starting to annoy me. Please legalize it so they'll shut up.

I wish I was a good artist so that I could get a job drawing Bazooka Joe comics. I think being a high school graduate, I might be over-qualified though.

As the world renown Sweet Pete once said after watching a video of Merle Allin, GG's brother, "Hitler ruined that mustache for everyone!" Couldn't have said it better myself.

Kent McClard charges tax. Go figure.

In case you're wondering...yes, there will be another issue of Indecision. Everything pertaining to it is uncertain at the moment because I haven't even started to work on it. It may end up being just a photo issue...who knows. That'll be out sometime before I'm dead. I think that's a deadline I can keep.

You are annoying. Please shut up. I can't stand to listen to you argue nonsense anymore. Just shut up before I kill us both. Thank you.

12/22/93
I'm far too tired to sleep. My body and mind are both exhausted. Probably due to the fact that I've had a combined total of about seven hours of sleep over the last four day period. I'm not built to run like this. My head is still ringing with the constant noise of old friends. I honestly don't know why I even go. They were all there and all pretty surprised to see my un-intoxicated ass strolling up to the ticket window. They recognized that I hadn't changed much over the last few years. I walked up to them, looked at their bloodshot eyes and the beer that their fists gripped tightly to and realized that they hadn't changed either. They are just as pathetic as me. Scary. I went into the club and recognized a lot of faces. Some friendly, some not so friendly. I had almost forgotten that there were still open wounds with some of these people. I did my best to lay low. Valley punk is still boring. Too many tough guys. Too many idiots. Eight years in this shit and the stink is still the same. The fact that I was somewhat comforted by that thought scared me. I sat at the back of the club and just watched the social rat race work it's magic. It's like lunch-time in high school. It's like a hell on earth. Is this it? Is this all I have to keep me going? As much as I don't want to join my former friends I don't want to sit in the back and just watch either. Where else can I go? No where? Thinking only serves to depress me more. Yet I continue to do it. I continue to sit back and complain. I continue to be content with being miserable. I continue to wait. And wait and wait. It almost seems like I'm just waiting to die.

I'm not perfect. Most would say I'm not even mediocre. But what I am is honest. I could easily lie to you and make you think I'm something I'm not but I won't waste yours or my time. I don't care about a lot of things. A lot of my choices have made me somewhat unpopular and in some circle "not cool" to be friends with. Some people have chosen to look beyond my obvious faults, others haven't. I don't blame you either way. I honestly wouldn't give most people the benefit of the doubt. I generally hate most people. I'm a dick. If you're going to hate me, hate me for the right reasons. Hate me because you know me and I repulse you. Don't hate me because of trivialities. If you're going to hate me, I want you to <u>really</u> hate me. Scene politics have no jurisdiction here.

"The world started going crazy once JFK was assassinated..." If you say so.

Inside jokes rule. Just so long as I know them.

I'm just sitting here watching my alleged friends rip each other to pieces. Every chance they get, knocking the other down. I can't say that I've been completely innocent though. I've taken shots and it seems like I always wish I hadn't. They're generally good people. Like myself and everyone else they have their faults. Some bigger than others. If given the chance, I don't think I'd trade a single one them though. I guess I'm just sentimental like that.

SEPTIC DEATH

QUIT

TIRED OF THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING
TIRED OF THE WAY THINGS HAVE BEEN
DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S REALLY GOING
BUT THIS IS HOW IT'S GOING TO END
THINK I'LL JUST QUIT THINK I'LL JUST QUIT
THINK I'LL JUST QUIT THINK I'LL JUST---
DON'T KNOW WHO I REALLY AM
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M REALLY DOING
CAN'T ACCEPT THE FACE IN A MIRROR
MAKES IT COME TO AN END
THINK I'LL JUST-----QUIT.

Where once stood convictions in
things you would say,
There now stand restrictions
your mind sold away,
You once were a symbol of
true strength and heart,
But now you're a warning of
where the sickness starts,
You stood there and preached
independence and faith,
You talked of commitment then
made an about face,

"Dude, we made $15,000 on tour...
If we don't make $40,000 next time
I'll be fully bummed...
I mean I hate my boss and don't want
to work anyway?
We're on our way to Europe!"
(who cares!!!)

You insist that it's progress to
cut out your heart,
Then post it for hire and claim
that it's art,
But freedom of statement is what
art's about,
Not softened commitments designed
to please the crowds,
Beliefs and convictions are
on show today,
If you won't present your's sit do
and TAKE YOUR PLACE!!

If this is the new way, I don't buy it,
won't believe you, don't even try it.

NO FOR AN ANSWER

I hope you enjoy that parade of fools.

"This one's for all the girls..."

Ok, women's rights are really the big "issue" scene-wise as of late. That's actually pretty important, but I think some of you boys out there just don't get it. It's not what you say (because no one is going to believe you anyway), it's what you do. Being a part of Chicks Up Front or Sisterhood or any other cutely named pos has nothing to do with sexism or the like. It says nothing about you. I'm not about to support someone because they happen to be a particular gender or color or nationality, etc, I'll support individuals who I think deserve it. And guys if you do a zine, please don't write an article on how you feel the pain inside for women who have been victimized by rape. You can't and will never understand how those feelings must be. All you're doing by that is being patronizing. The focus of what I'm trying to say is not really about sexism. It's just that it makes me ill to read a token article thrown in a zine to try and "prove" that the editor is not sexist. You can't prove that you're not sexist...you can only prove that you are. Keep that in mind.

Why do people make such a big deal out of homosexuality? It's really not that big of a deal. "Well, it's their choice..." No, it isn't. I don't think anyone woke up one day and decided to be gay. It's not a choice. What you're going to wear today is a choice. Your sexual preference isn't. I can't believe that we haven't gotten past this yet. How hard is it to except people for what they are? Homosexuality and heterosexuality are personal issues, not political ones. Just except it and move on already...

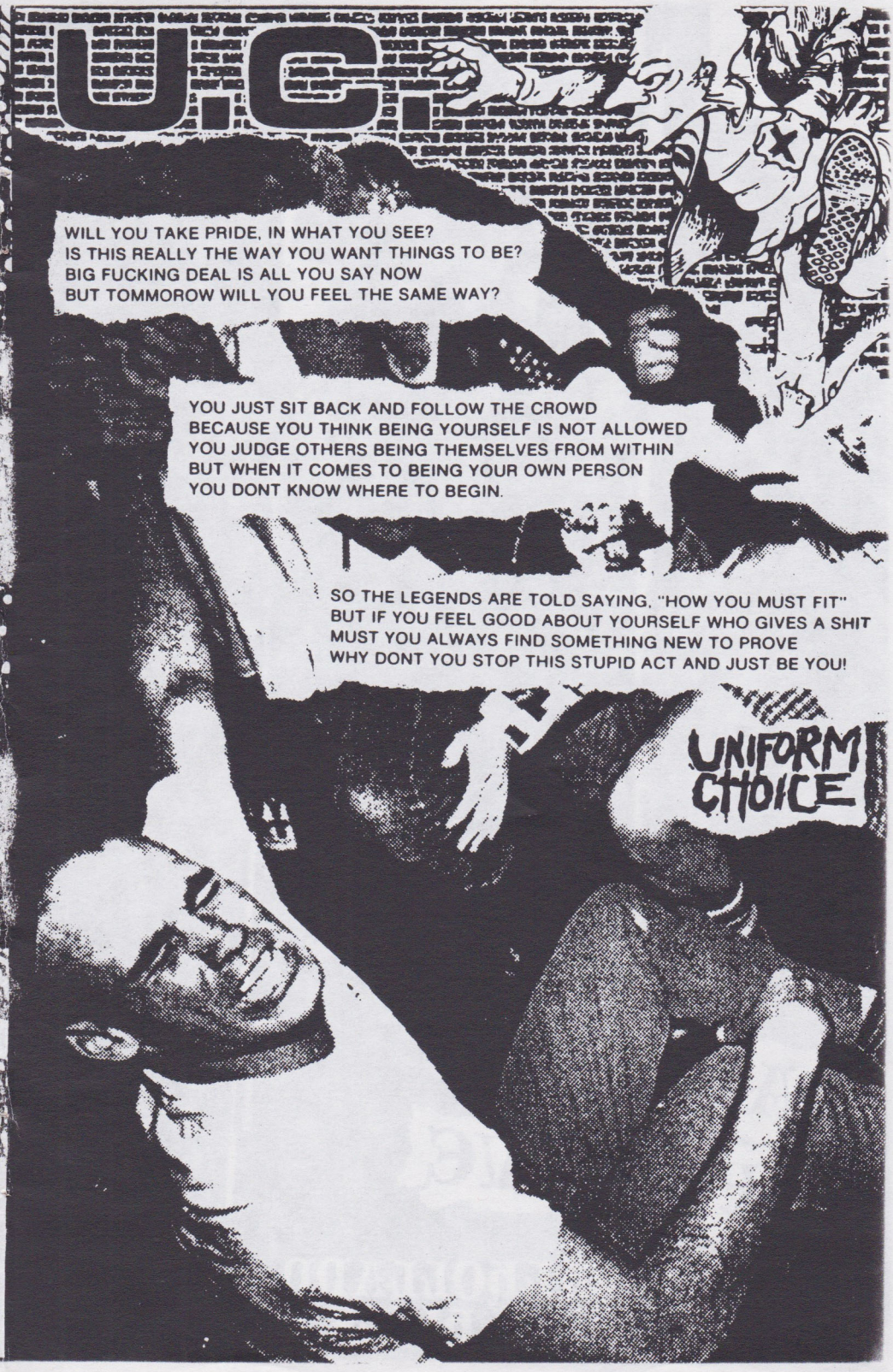
"Everything is cool in it's own way..."

Uh, no. I'm going to have to disagree with you on that one because everything sucks in it's own way too. I'll admit, most things do have their good points as well as their bad but not everything is cool. That's just something you say so you won't hurt anyone's feelings. That's something you say thinking you're being "open-minded". Well, you're not. And if you really are, well, then I feel sorry for you. Being open-minded must really suck...glad I'm not you.

"Oh, let me guess. It's going to be one of those shows where everyone wears sweater vests and thrift store clothes..."

You're serious? I had always hoped it was a joke. You have the nerve to say that the music you think I like is so generic and predictable, then you listen to this? Let me try and guess what the next band is going to be like...umm, they'll play out of tune, buy all their clothes at a thrift store to show that their not "rich kids", cry a lot, and roll around on the floor. Oh, what a surprise...Boring Sidney, boring (must be said in a strong limey accent for full effect).

What are we gonna break after we're done with this?


U.C.
WILL YOU TAKE PRIDE, IN WHAT YOU SEE?
IS THIS REALLY THE WAY YOU WANT THINGS TO BE?
BIG FUCKING DEAL IS ALL YOU SAY NOW
BUT TOMMOROW WILL YOU FEEL THE SAME WAY?
YOU JUST SIT BACK AND FOLLOW THE CROWD
BECAUSE YOU THINK BEING YOURSELF IS NOT ALLOWED
YOU JUDGE OTHERS BEING THEMSELVES FROM WITHIN
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO BEING YOUR OWN PERSON
YOU DONT KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.
SO THE LEGENDS ARE TOLD SAYING, "HOW YOU MUST FIT"
BUT IF YOU FEEL GOOD ABOUT YOURSELF WHO GIVES A SHIT
MUST YOU ALWAYS FIND SOMETHING NEW TO PROVE
WHY DONT YOU STOP THIS STUPID ACT AND JUST BE YOU!
UNIFORM CHOICE

CAN'T
FORGIVE
23391 MULHOLLAND DR no.430
WOODLAND HILLS, CA 91364